

The red hue of the darkroom by Jancys_Blue_Bayou

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Summary:

He felt her looking at him and glanced to her. She had a soft smile on her lips but looked away to the photos hanging when she noticed his glance. Even in the red hue of the darkroom she was mesmerizing. Maybe especially in the red hue of the darkroom. No, it was probably any light, any room really.

The red hue of the darkroom

Author's Note:

Drabble from a prompt from an anon that made my day yesterday: "Idk if you're taking prompts but HONESTLY just write something where Jonathan almost drops Nancy trying to lift her on a counter during a makeout session"

"Eat your sandwich," she says, pointing a baby carrot at him.

"Right," he answers, picking up the sandwich and taking a quick bite before picking the photo out of the liquid and hanging it up. He takes another bite as he watches the chemicals drip.

Since the cold hit Indiana he's done what he's always done with his lunch routine, changing location from the hood of his car to the solitude of the darkroom. Or, it used to be solitude. Now Nancy shared his routine. Away from prying eyes, away from the whispering and sneering they relished their time together alone.

Of course he would always also use the time to develop photos, which sometimes distracted him from his lunch. He was on something of a creative streak, taking more and more photos almost every day, it felt like. And of everything. A lot of Nancy, though. She'd said she didn't mind. And he couldn't resist. She said something in every photograph and it was somehow always perfect.

He felt her looking at him and glanced to her. She had a soft smile on her lips but looked away to the photos hanging when she noticed his glance. Even in the red hue of the darkroom she was mesmerizing. Maybe especially in the red hue of the darkroom. No, it was probably any light, any room really.

"You're easily distracted today," she notes, smirking as she catches him staring at her.

"Sorry," he's shaken out of his thoughts and returns to his sandwich.

“What’s on your mind?” She asks, having by now finished her lunch.

“Nothing.”

“Come on.”

“You,” he blushes and distracts himself with taking down the photos he hung up to dry this morning before classes began, putting them down on the counter and studying them intently. He can see her still smirking at him out of the corner of his eye.

“Oh yeah? What about me?” She challenges, standing up.

“Just um... was looking at some of the photos and you now and just... this is going to come out cheesy but I just thought about how uh, you’re just really really beautiful. Sorry.”

“Uh... none taken, Thumper,” she blushes and smiles and uses the pet name she suddenly bestowed upon him a couple of weeks ago. “You’re not to bad yourself,” she adds as she steps closer, squeezing herself in between him and the counter and looping her arms around his neck.

“Thanks,” he looks down at his shoes but then back at her.

“You’re really handsome, y’know,” she continues, looking straight at him. Then her hands are playing with his hair. “Don’t tell him because it might crush him but you’ve actually got better hair than Steve,” she adds and smiles slyly.

“I won’t”, he answers and presses his lips to hers.

She reciprocates eagerly and he still can’t get over how soft her lips are and when her tongue gently presses against his lips, asking for a permission he immediately obliges, his knees get slightly weak.

His hands move down from her waist. He grips her thighs and lifts her up, it causes her to make the sweetest noise he’s ever heard, right into his mouth. The 0.000001 % of his brain that still functions somehow remember the photographs on the counter just in time. He tries to sweep them away with one hand and keep hold of her hand with the other and barely manages, he stumbles and she yelps again

but thankfully lands on the counter.

She just laughs against his lips and crash their mouths together again. She opens her legs and pulls him closer.

It's not until the door opens and light streaming in to the room that they pull apart. Nicole stands in the doorway, rolls her eyes and scrunches her nose at them.

"Ew."

Jonathan doesn't know what to say, he just knows that he doesn't care at all what anyone thinks. Neither does Nancy, she's reassured him. He gives her a hand off the counter. She straightens her outfit, he gathers the rest of his photographs.

"Hey Nicole," Nancy says casually as they grab their respective bags and starts to walk out, they have to get to class anyway. "Nice day, isn't it?"